

*W. M. L. G. C. O. N. T.*  
A  
SHORT ACCOUNT  
OF THE  
EXPERIENCE  
OF

MRS. HESTER HOWELL,

Who died in the LORD,

December 27, 1769.

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By the Rev. MR. DE COURCY.

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—————Heav'n owns her friends  
On this side death, and points them out to man;  
A lecture silent, but of sov'reign use!  
For *us* they languish, and for *us* they die.

NIGHT THOUGHTS.

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L O N D O N.

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## H Y M N.

**J**ESUS, the saints' perpetual theme! —  
What fragrant odours fill the name  
Of lovely *Sharon's rose*!  
As ointment poured out, it spreads  
A sweet perfume, an unction sheds,  
Whence joy celestial flows.

“Fairest among ten thousand, fair  
“As lilies which the valleys bear,”  
Lowly, but spotless He;  
With guileless innocence *white*,  
The pure, the perfect *Isra'ite*,  
Void of iniquity.

He's *ruddy too*, with blood distain'd,  
Blood, which his Father's peace hath gain'd,  
For me avails that blood;  
By faith the sanguine stream I see  
Gush from his body on the tree,  
A purifying flood.

When from this crimson tide distils  
One drop, with sacred joy it fills;  
It heals, it warms my heart  
A foretaste of the bliss above,  
Heaven I feel in Jesu's love,  
And yet but feel in part.

But

# H Y M N.

But when that perfect day shall shine,  
That cloudless day, when all divine  
My soul shall wing it's way;  
Freed from this clod which damps it's flight  
I'll soar aloft, and bask in light  
Of sempiternal day.

Then un-impe'ded shall mine eye  
My wounded Lord with joy descry,  
And mark his prints of love;  
At his pierc'd feet my crown I'll cast,  
His praise shall with my being last,  
Who died, but lives above.

At sight of him, whose once-marr'd face  
Now shines with glory, and with grace,  
O how my joys shall rise! —  
Hasten the moment, Lord, when I  
Shall lay this house terrestrial by,  
To dwell in Paradise!





## ADVERTISEMENT.

THE following particulars of Mrs. *Howell's* experience were lately introduced by the Author in a funeral-sermon, preached, on her happy departure, at *Tottenham-Court Chapel*.— As the Lord was pleased to accompany them, on that occasion, with a peculiar blessing; they are now published, detached from the sermon itself, with a few additional remarks, at the request of many, whose hearts glowed at the recital of the Lord's dealings with this his servant. — The performance is in itself, indeed, mean and inconsiderable. And the Author, deeply sensible how little qualified he is, to appear before the criticizing bar of the public, is, however, neither afraid nor ashamed to affix his name to this, or any other little piece, which tends to exemplify the glorious truths of the Gospel; and earnestly prays, that the courteous reader, upon the perusal of it, might have reason to say, *By it, she being dead, yet speaketh.*

R. D.

LONDON,  
Feb. 15, 1770.

B

A D V E R T I S E M E N T

THE following *sermons of the late*  
experience were lately introduced by the  
author in a *sermon* preached on her  
happy departure, at *St. Andrew's Chapel*.—  
As the Lord was pleased to accompany them, on  
that occasion, with a peculiar blessing; they are  
now published, detached from the *sermon itself*,  
with a few additional remarks, at the request of  
many, whose hearts glow at the recital of the  
Lord's dealings with his servant. — The  
performance is in itself, *instructive, moving and interest-*  
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pious reader, upon the perusal of it, might  
be reason to say, *By it, I am dead, yet*

R. D.

B

Feb. 15, 1770.

## SHORT ACCOUNT, &amp;c.

**N**OTHING tends to strengthen and comfort the hearts of the Children of God more than the experience of their *Companions in Tribulation*, in life and death. For they are thereby prompted to be followers of those, *who thro' faith and patience inherit the promises.*

We abound, at present, with faithful and clear vindications of the truths of the Gospel, both from the Pulpit and Press. But what we chiefly look for, is, these truths demonstrated by personal experience. And altho' of the multitudes who profess to espouse the Gospel, the number of those, who really feel it's blessed effects, is very small: yet, blessed be God! even these few are sufficient to testify the truth as it is in Jesus to a gainsaying world, and to refute the unrighteous clamours of those, who decry the *power* of godliness. Such can declare not speculatively, but experimentally, that **CHRIST is GOD**, by feeling the power of his

Divinity in their hearts, creating all things anew. They discover, by that *light which maketh manifest*, the glory of his Person, the all-sufficiency of his Blood and Righteousness, and the original and actual guilt, under which they lie. He, by his Spirit, shews their sins forgiven, writes his law of love upon their hearts, and makes them more than victorious over sin, death, and hell.

- " Happy while on earth they breathe,
- " Mightier joys ordain'd to know,
- " Trampling on sin, hell, and death,
- " Rapt to the third heav'n, they go.

Of this happy number was Mrs. *Howell*.—Before her conversion, she was one of those, whose religion is merely external, consisting in a formal round of duties, accompanied with a self-righteous dependence thereon for justification. She was punctual in her attendance at church and sacrament, read the Scriptures, prayed in public and private, gave alms of her goods, and lived a life outwardly free from reproach, in the general tenour of her deportment towards her neighbour. But alas ! like many others, she was all this time going about to establish her own righteousness, being ignorant of the righteousness of God our Saviour ; she was unconvinced of heart-iniquity ; felt not her inward disease of unbelief, and self-righteous pride ; and saw not, in a sensible manner, the want of a Saviour, to deliver from the  
guilt





guilt of sin, by an application of his precious Blood to the conscience, or from it's power, by the operation of his Holy Spirit.

Her former husband, on the contrary, (for she was twice married) was instructed in the truth as it is in Jesus; received an experimental knowledge thereof by living faith; and was made instrumental in bringing his wife to an happy reception of the same, by the following Providence.

That eminent servant of Christ, Mr. *Whitefield*, having at this time just come out, *full of faith and of the Holy Ghost*, attracted the curiosity of thousands; and amongst the rest, the husband of the deceased was induced to hear him, taking his wife with him, at the same time. He found, to his pleasing astonishment, that the Gospel, which this Messenger of the Lord preached was the very same, which he had some time before experienced as the power of God to his salvation, and expressed much happiness of soul, by saying to his wife and one who accompanied him to the church, "I have felt all, that this servant of the Lord preaches, in my own heart, already." — So true is that word of our Lord, "*If any man will do his Will, he shall know of the doctrine, whether it be of God.*" John vii. 17. Mr. *Whitefield* happened to take for his text, that important advice of our Lord, *Take heed therefore how ye hear.* Luke viii. 18. From whence he was led to consider the dreadful tendency of some errors, which were, at that time, and are

now, so predominant. Such light and power accompanied the word, as to convince Mrs. *Howell* of her lost state, both by nature and practice. She now saw, by that light which always issues in truth, the secret abominations of her heart; it's unbelief, self-righteousness, and pride. The iniquity of her most holy things was discovered, by being viewed in the glass of God's pure and holy law; whilst she was at the same time convinced of her being under the curse, by actual transgression and original guilt. Hence therefore she feelingly saw, that all her righteousness was contemptible, and to be thrown aside with shame, as *filthy rags*. Sin-sick, weary, and heavy-laden, she groaned for redemption thro' the blood of Christ, and sought his Righteousness, as the only meritorious cause of her justification before God.

From this time, her light encreased in the knowledge of herself, and of the mystery of the glorious Gospel of Christ. But the Lord's work in her soul was *slowly* progressive. For, tho' many of the children of God can tell the very day and hour wherein they are first delivered from the power of unbelief, and know their sins forgiven; yet she has left no account behind her, of any remarkable time of transition from sorrow to joy, on her first believing on Christ; tho' she at length attained the blessed privilege of rejoicing in God her Saviour *with joy unspeakable, and very full of glory*.—Whence we may learn not to condemn

all experience which is not attended with (what Archbishop *Leighton* with great propriety calls) the *Coruscations*, or *bright Sun-shine* of the Holy Ghost.

As religion is no farther genuine, than as it influences the heart and life, we have great reason to conclude that Mrs. *Hotwell* was one of those, in whom all *old things are done away, and every thing becomes new*. For throughout above twenty years walk with God, she lived habitually devoted to his service.

But she was in the general of her experience, one of those who grow \* *like willows by the waters courses*, bending almost at every blast, and full of self-diffidence. For it pleased the Lord (all whose dispensations are a great deep, and conducted with unerring wisdom) to suffer her to be often distressed with doubts and fears: By which she was kept lowly, and dependent on the riches of his Grace. For tho' doubts and fears are certainly dishonouring to the truth of God, yet I believe they are often, thro' his mercy and wisdom, productive of much spiritual good to *some*, as they tend to keep the soul in the valley of humiliation, and prove an antidote against enthusing self-confidence, and spiritual pride.—Many a Professor, who like the sturdy oak, seems proof against any storm, often falls before a strong wind of temptation; while the tremulous believer, like

\* Is. xlv. 4.



the humble shrub that yields to every blast, is kept secure. — Hence it was that our deceased sister was carried with safety and resignation thro' a long series of multiplied trials. And it is remarkable, that, when she has been at the lowest ebb, thro' *fightings without, and fears within*, she has had a secret hold of Jesus by hope, which she said "she would not give up for a thousand worlds."

But the time of her release from all her troubles approaching, the Lord visited her with a lingering indisposition, attended with exquisite pain. In the beginning of her complaints, when a friend begged of her to apply to a Physician in time, lest they should gain head, and terminate in her death; she replied with much composure, "The sooner the better."

During her illness, which consisted in a sinking of the spirits and inward convulsions, she was never heard to complain or murmur at her afflictions, but lived in a state of resignation and prayer. Sometimes when her pains have been very acute she has been constrained to cry out, "My merciful Father, my dear Saviour, Patience, Patience! Sweet Saviour, give me Patience!" But this praying for patience is consistent with the enjoyment of a great degree of this grace. For, the more we receive out of that fulness which is in Christ Jesus, the more we

pant



pant for richer and more frequent communica-  
tions.

“ Infatiate to the spring we fly,

“ We drink, and yet are ever dry.”

Tho’ her evidence was sometimes clouded, yet in the general, she had a strong confidence in Jesus, and by faith knew her sins forgiven, often crying out in full assurance of his love, and with a peculiar earnestness, “ My Lord, and my God. — Take me Lord Jesus ; take me to thyself ! — Take me now. Now, Lord, let me come. — O that I could but see thee, face to face, “ my most gracious God ! ” —

Her weakness and inward convulsions encreasing, her dissolution swiftly approached. In order that she may take her last farewell of her children in this world, she desired to see them all, on the Sunday before she departed. When they all met in her chamber, *Jacob-like*, she addressed herself to each, and in a most pathetic manner blessed them all, recommending them to the grace and guardianship of that Redeemer, in whose faith she lived, and in whose faith she now triumphed over death. She wept plentifully over one of her children in particular. — I pray God, that neither he, nor any of her children may ever forget her last words ! For if they should ; her dying admonitions, fervent prayers, and many tears, will witness against them in the day of the Lord Jesus.

Pa-

Patient, and highly favoured of the Lord as she was, she had nevertheless a deep sense of her unworthiness, and expressed the sensations of her heart on this head, by saying, "None so vile, none so wicked as I am!" \* A dear friend, who proved a son of consolation to her throughout her illness, used frequently on these occasions to repeat the following lines, as expressive of the feelings of his own heart, and suited to her state of soul at this time.

"How glad am I that thou so loving art,

"That thou canst bless my base and worthless heart,

"And canst freely bear with

"My whole behaviour!

"O wert thou not exactly such a Saviour,

"What shou'd I do?

Sensible of the pretiousness of Jesus calculated to be in every respect such a Saviour as poor sinners stand in need of, she would take up the two last lines of the above sweet verse, and repeat with thankfulness and fervour, "O wert thou not ex-

\* Should any be so incredulous as to doubt any or all of the particulars relative to Mrs. *Howell's* experience, they may be ascertained of the truth thereof, by applying to Mr. *Daniel Golden*, Linen-draper, near *Norfolk-street*, on the *Strand*; who is ready to declare the reality of every thing mentioned, as being an eye and ear-witness to the whole, and at whose particular request this note is inserted.

ally

ectly such a Saviour, what shou'd I do?" The discoveries she had of the glory of her Redeemer, added to excruciating pain of body, made her earnestly pant for dissolution, and frequently cry out, "Come, Lord Jesus, come quickly — O come, my dear Lord, and release me out of this prison of the body!"

One would be apt to conclude from her joyful, happy state of soul at this time, that her sun would set without the intervention of a single cloud,

"To darken the skies

"Or hide for a moment her God from her eyes."

On the contrary, Satan was permitted *to come in like a flood*, and cast his fiery darts at her, overwhelming her soul with much sorrow and distress. For on the *Monday* before she departed, she expressed her feelings on this head to a friend in the room, by saying, "O I am greatly distressed; go to prayer with me." — And to a Minister of the Gospel who visited her, she mentioned the concern of her soul, arising, not from any fear of the *consequences* of death, but from dissolution itself. For, utterly renouncing her own righteousness, she took refuge in the Righteousness of Jesus, and declared her confidence in him, by often saying, "*I know that my Redeemer liveth.*"

On Tuesday morning, on a friend's coming into her chamber, she cried out, "Mercy! Mercy! Mercy!" To which he replied, "that the  
hand

“ hand of *Covenant mercy* was upon her ; and that  
 “ a tender Father was then chastising her, not in  
 “ wrath, but in love that she might be made a  
 “ partaker of his holiness.” At which she smiled ;  
 as a token that she sensibly felt the truth of his  
 words. The same day another Minister of the  
 Gospel came to visit her ; but she was then  
 speechless tho’ retentive of her understanding.—  
 The Friend who constantly attended her during  
 her illness, anxious to know the state of her soul,  
 desired, that if she was happy in the Lord Jesus,  
 she would give them a token, by lifting up her  
 hand. Which she immediately did, with an  
 earnestness, not to be described.—About noon,  
 she was seized with such a violent inward con-  
 vulsion, as shook her whole frame, and the bed  
 on which she lay ; the suddenness and violence  
 whereof made one, who constantly visited her, cry  
 out to a Friend in the room. “ O she’s going,  
 “ she’s going !”—At that instant, the Lord re-  
 stored her speech ; so that, tho’ in the agonies of  
 death, to the amazement of those present, she  
 cried out with a loud voice ; “ God be thank-  
 “ ed !” —

She lived not many hours after this, and spoke  
 no more, ’till she saw Jesus face to face ; who,  
 about nine in the evening, sweetly released her  
 imprisoned spirit, taking it to that heavenly  
*Canaan, where the wicked cease from troubling, and*  
*where the weary are at rest ! To*

That



- " That city of God, the great King,  
 " Where sorrow and death are no more;  
 " Where Saints our Immanuel sing,  
 " Where Angels rejoice and adore;  
 " Where caught in the rapturous flame  
 " The fight of our Jesus they prove;  
 " They walk in the light of the Lamb,  
 " And melt in the beams of his Love!

And now, Reader, what thinkest thou of these things? Must there not be a reality in the Gospel of Christ, which can support a soul amidst all the trying circumstances of dissolution, and buoy it up under the certain prospect of launching out into the boundless Ocean of a vast Eternity?—If thou art one of those unhappy beings, that spend their time, their faculties, their strength, their All, in the depths of Scepticism and vain Philosophy, I know you will contemptuously insult over all that has been said, and trample it beneath your feet as enthusiastic nonsense. But stop a little, and consider what you have gained by all your speculative researches. Have you found perfect satisfaction in the airy system, you have embraced? No. I appeal to your own conscience, whether you are not one of those who *are ever learning, and never able to come to the knowledge of the truth.* Does not something from within misgive you, that all is not right? Has your Philosophy extracted the sting of death?

Can

Can you look that King of terrors in the face, and defy his most envenomed shafts? But above all, can you leave the world, without a well-grounded hope of a blissful futurity, and take an awful leap in the dark? For,

“ ’Tis not the dying, but ’tis this we fear,

“ To be we know not what, we know not where.”

Tho’ with your lips, you may answer these important questions in the affirmative; yet if conscience were permitted to speak the truth, she would declare the contrary. Thou art ever seeking rest, but art hitherto a perfect stranger to its blessed marks, *resignation, tranquility, and peace of mind*. And if these sensations are to be found in any, should it not alarm your fears, and make you apprehensive that you have wandered from truth, because you are destitute of those comforts which it always brings?—O then relinquish that delusory wisdom you have espoused, and submit to be taught by God alone! If you do, he will lead you to the fountain-head of true wisdom, and real happiness.—You believe there is a God;

“ And that there is, all nature cries aloud.”

Against this God you have rebelled, by repeated violations of his holy Law, whereby you have laid yourself open to the stroke of his justice. As a finite creature you can never atone for one  
single

single offence done against this infinitely pure law. And God cannot exercise his mercy towards you consistent with preserving his justice inviolable, unless a Medium of reconciliation be found out, whereby honour is done to all his glorious attributes. This medium is the LORD CHRIST, perfect God and perfect man. In our nature he has fulfilled every jot and tittle of the law. In the same nature he suffered as a vicarious sacrifice for man. And this active and passive obedience of the Mediator receives infinite sufficiency from his GODHEAD, and constitutes that glorious and everlasting righteousness, without the imputation of which no man living can be saved.—O then ye Infidels, Deists, Arians, Socinians, vain Philosophers, &c. if you start from this foundation, and reject the Righteousness of God made man, look to it. For there is a day coming, when Christ the *rock of offence* will fall upon you and grind you to powder. And if you put any trust in God, but as incarnate, you will find him a *consuming fire*. Haste ye therefore to this precious GOD-MAN; only believe on his name, and you shall receive and feel perfect remission of all your sins.

"Now from bliss no longer rove,

"Stop, and taste REDEEMING LOVE!"

And tho' perhaps you may now, during the sunshine of health, prosperity and affluence, ridicule truth;



truth ; yet when you are going to bid adieu to all  
sublunary enjoyments, and lie on a death bed, it  
will flash on your hopeless mind with tormenting  
light. For a death bed is a detector of the heart.  
And

*"Men may live, fools; but fools they cannot die."*

If thou art one of those unhappy people, who  
suppose that a little outside religion will do, and  
who imagine that their works will recommend  
them to God, and finally save them ; remember,  
that howsoever clean you may wash the outside,  
by the form of Godliness, yet if the heart be un-  
changed, you are in the sight of Him, who re-  
quireth truth in the inward parts, a loathsome and  
detestable carcase. For

*"No outward forms can make you clean :*

*"The leprosy lies deep within."*

As to your works ; however specious and multi-  
plied they may be, if you place them in the room  
of Christ, they will destroy you. For, *by grace  
we are saved : not of works, lest any man should boast.*  
Eph. ii. 8, 9. Away therefore with all your  
works, in point of justification. Tear off those  
fig-leaves, with which you endeavour to hide your  
*Ethiopian* skin. Fly, by faith, naked to the throne  
of grace, where you will find mercy thro' the  
blood of Jesus, and be clothed with the spotless  
robe of his glorious Righteousness,

But



But art thou one of those happy souls that rely wholly upon Christ, and hope for a blessed immortality through the merit of his Blood and Righteousness alone? If so, then you enjoy, in some degree, the comfort of this reliance, and evidence the reality thereof, by walking conformably to the precepts of the Gospel. But perhaps, like the person, of whose experience we have been just treating, you often hang down your head like a bulrush; oppressed with doubts and fears. But *wherefore dost thou doubt, O thou of little faith?* You have no reason to doubt of Jesu's power. For his almighty arm can rescue your soul from ten thousand dangers; whilst his infinite wisdom can make the most afflictive and intricate events work together for your good. You have no reason to doubt of his love. For that, like himself, knows no variableness, nor shadow of turning: *I have loved thee with an everlasting love, saith the Lord; therefore with loving-kindness have I drawn thee.\** You need not doubt of the continuance of his grace. For that shall REIGN thro' Righteousness unto eternal life. Rom. v. 21. Doubt not of his promise. For all the *exceeding great and precious promises*, which refer to our happiness in time and eternity, are *yea and amen*, sure and certain to every believer, thro' the *blood of the everlasting Covenant*. For

\* Jer. xxxi. 3.

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En-

- " Engrav'd as in eternal brass,  
 " The mighty promise shines ;  
 " Nor can the pow'rs of darkness raze  
 " Those everlasting lines.

But perhaps what chiefly distresses you, is, a doubt which ariseth sometimes in your heart, whether you have a right to claim the contents of these sweet promises. Unbelief is the source of this doubting. For if you had faith as a grain of mustard seed, you would clearly discern that, altho' you deserve nothing but hell by nature, yet as a subject of free grace, and a joint-heir with Christ, you have a right, thro' the merit of his Blood and Righteousness, to life eternal. *All things are your's ; for you are Christ's.* Beg of the Lord then to lead you more out of all cleavings to Self, which is at the bottom of all doubts and fears, and let the earnest cry of your heart continually be, " Lord, encrease my faith !" For, as this grace encreaseth, your doubts will vanish in proportion, and assurance take place. Faith is that internal eye, by which we discern and realize things not seen by the bodily eye. Doubts and fears are the clouds which intervene. As these encrease, faith grows dim, it's object becomes obscured, and consequently the joyous sun-shine of the heart ceaseth. Pray therefore ; wrestle with the Angel of the Covenant for more faith. Because *all things are possible to him that believeth.* Mark ix, 23.

But

But thou art harassed with fears also. If your fears are such as St. John describes 1 John iv. 78. they are truly distressing; and nothing can so effectually remove them as a greater degree of that *perfect love* which casteth out such painful sensations. And this *perfect love* flows from living faith. But if your fears be of an evangelical nature, arising from a loving filial dread of offending your reconciled Father, then you have reason to pray not for their removal, but for their continuance. They are to the soul what watchful centinels are to a garrison: keeping the heart in a preparedness for every assault from our grand Adversary. And when they are off their post, presumption, carelessness, and self-confidence enter, and expose the soul to the out-rage of its enemies. In reference to this, the Apostle adviseth, *Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed, lest he fall.* 1 Cor. x. 12. And one, whose besetting sin seems to have been an over-weening conceit of his own strength, having suffered much from that quarter himself, exhorts all the children of God to *pass the time of their sojourning here in fear.* 1 Pet. i. 17. This is that blessed, watchful, obedient principle, which the Lord implants in the breasts of his real children. As their covenant-keeping God he is bound by promise to preserve this jewel in their hearts. And hereby the perseverance of the saints of God is secured. For, thus saith the Lord; *I will put my FEAR in their hearts, that they SHALL*

*not depart from me. Jer. xxxii. 40. Therefore fear not, thou worm Jacob. Be strong in the Lord, and in the power of his might, All thine adversaries must submit to the power of the Captain of thy salvation. Men, Devils, and your own heart, may combine to destroy you ; but Jesus is greater and stronger than all, that are against thee. And he has promised that no weapon that is formed against thee shall prosper. Isa. liv. 17 Trust in this blessed Lord therefore. Cleave to his word, his oath, his everlasting covenant ordered in all things and sure. 2 Sam. xxiii. 5. And tho' the floods of tribulation sometimes lift up their voice, with such violence as to threaten the destruction of thy tempest-tossed Soul ; yet Jesus, the Pilot of the ark, whom winds and seas obey, will make a way † for his ransomed to pass over these mighty waters, and conduct thee to the haven of rest where you long to be. For this God is our God for ever and ever ; and will be our guide even unto death. Ps. xlviii. 14.*

But there is one thing in particular which perhaps distresses you. And that is ; you are often anxious how you shall feel in the hour of your departure ; and are afraid lest, in that trying juncture, you should bring a disgrace on the Gospel, by your unbelief. What I would advise you on this head, is, *take no thought, be not unhappily*

† If. li. 10.

solli-



solicitous, *for to-morrow.* But *cast all your care on him that careth for you.* If you are indeed one of his people, then be assured that the time, the place, and all the circumstances of your dissolution are fixed on, by him that is Wisdom itself, and therefore *doeth all things well.* *As your day is, so shall your strength be.* And tho' there may be some alteration in your feelings, thro' the fiery assaults of Satan, and much pain of body ; yet, for your comfort, remember, that this will never affect your eternal state. Give no credence to that lie which is gone forth thro' the earth. "A child of God to day, and a child of the Devil to-morrow." For

"Your tempers may vary, your comforts decline ;  
 "You cannot miscarry ; your aid is Divine.

S I M P L E

## SIMPLE EXPERIENCE.

**L**ORD, I thank thee for that grace  
 Shining in thy lovely face;  
 Thou appearest reconcil'd,  
 Call'st me thy beloved child:  
 Once I felt thy wrath reveal'd,  
 'Till thy grace my pardon seal'd;  
 Sunk in grief, despondent I  
 Saw thee then in love pass by.

Doubts and fears had fill'd my breast,  
 Banish'd peace, and joy, and rest;  
 'Till the voice, that calms the sea,  
 Gently whisper'd, "Come to me."  
 With that word, a pow'r convey'd  
 Help'd me to lift up my head;  
 Then presented to my view,  
 Thee I saw in bloody hue!

From thy hands, and feet, and side,  
 I beheld a crimson tide,  
 Gushing plenteous down that tree,  
 Where thou bow'dst thy head for me.  
 Here I wash'd, and wash'd again,  
 Dropp'd my load of guilt and pain;  
 Whilst the Spirit loudly cried,  
 "Thou art freely justified."

E. Now my heart from bondage free,  
 Ready is to follow thee ;  
 Prompted by obedient love,  
 In thy work I long to move.  
 Only, Lord, my path assign ;  
 I am fully, wholly thine ;  
 Nothing shall my footsteps stay,  
 When my Saviour calls away.

Chearful, happy, may I be,  
 Patient, zealous, bold like thee ;  
 Count the cross my greatest gain,  
 Live enur'd to grief and pain !  
 Grant, my gracious Lord, that I  
 From thy work may never fly ;  
 But to death may faithful prove,  
 Then receive my crown above !

F I N I S.

Now my heart is torn and sighs  
 It is to follow thee;  
 Prompted by affection true  
 To thy work I long to go.  
 Only, Lord, my path direct  
 I am fully, wholly there;  
 Nothing shall my footsteps stay,  
 When my Saviour calls away.

Greatful, happy, may I be,  
 Patient, zealous, bold like thee;  
 Count the cross my greatest gain,  
 Live content to grieve and pain;  
 Grant, my gracious Lord, that I  
 From thy work may never fly;  
 But to learn thy Father's name,  
 I then receive my crown above!





